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AMERICAN NAVAL HEROES

Kate W. Grove

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AMERICAN NAVAL HEROES

Jones, Perry, Farragut, Dewey

BY
KATE W. GROVE

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51

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OUR FIRST NAVAL HERO

PAUL JONES, the most famous of our naval heroes, was not a native of America, nor did he spend much of his time in the land of his adoption although he fought so bravely in her behalf. He was the son of a poor Scotch gardener named John Paul, and was born on the shore of Solway Firth in 1747. From his earliest boyhood little John Paul watched the ships come and go, and knew more about the great inlet than any pilot on it.

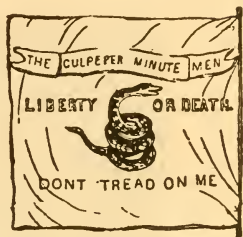
When he was about twelve years old a rich shipowner of Whitehaven named Younger was so pleased with a feat of the lad's seamanship that he begged his father to let him take him as an apprentice. When he was thirteen he made his first trip to the New World aboard his master's ship *Friendship*, which was bound for Virginia for a cargo of tobacco. Nothing could have delighted the boy more, for he had a brother in Virginia whom he had never seen, as he had been adopted by a rich cousin named William Jones before young John was born. As good fortune would have it the *Friendship* was to land on the Rappahannock River near his brother's home, and the Scotch sailor boy lost no time after landing in visiting his relatives. Indeed, old William Jones took such a fancy to him that he wanted to adopt him also. But the lad loved the sea too well to stay.

John Paul's school days ended when he left the parish school at twelve, but he loved knowledge so dearly that all his life long he was a tireless student and a great reader. Consequently he rose so rapidly in position that when he was eighteen he sailed as first mate and was given a sixth interest in a brig by Mr. Younger. At twenty-one he was made captain of a fine new ship.

For several years longer Captain Paul followed the sea. Then one day when he cast anchor at his brother's plantation he found him fatally ill, dying a few hours after his arrival. By the provisions of old William Jones' will John Paul was to succeed his brother as heir to the estate and, like his brother, assume the name of Jones. Thus Captain John Paul became a Virginia planter and John Paul Jones, or Paul Jones, by which name he is best known to fame.

Being now a man of wealth and position he resolved to leave the sea and enjoy the pleasant life of a Virginia planter. For this he was well fitted by his education, refined tastes, and charming manners. Here he became acquainted with Washington and Jefferson, with the Lees and Patrick Henry. But Paul Jones did not long enjoy this pleasant and congenial life. The storm of the Revolution was gathering, and his fiery soul could not help being stirred by it, and he assured his colonial friends that if war should break out he would be on the side of his adopted country and fight for her on the sea. After the battle of Lexington

Paul Jones offered his services to Congress and was appointed first lieutenant on the *Alfred*, where he proudly hoisted the first American flag on an American naval vessel. This was the "rattlesnake flag," with the motto, "Don't tread on me," so popular with the Continentals.



RATTLESNAKE FLAG.

On May 10, 1776, Paul Jones was made captain of a little twelve-gun brig called the *Providence*. His duties were to carry troops and convoy merchantmen along the coast. He did veritable wonders with this insignificant vessel, eluding the British ships with which the waters swarmed and taking fifteen prizes in six weeks' time. Congress now made him captain of the *Alfred*, on which he captured among other prizes the brig *Mellish*, whose cargo included a thousand British uniforms, a most acceptable gift to the "ragged Continentals."

While Jones was doing damage to British shipping, some English war vessels, by way of reprisal, came up Chesapeake Bay, and, laying waste his fine plantation, carried away all his slaves to Jamaica. For this vandalism he got more than even with them later.

When the cruise of the *Alfred* ended at Boston Paul Jones' actual work in American waters had practically ended. However, after six months of inaction he was, on June 14, 1777, made captain of the *Ranger*, an



PAUL JONES.

eighteen-gun ship built at Portsmouth. On this same day Congress adopted the stars and stripes as the national ensign, and Paul Jones with his own hands raised to the peak of his ship the first flag of our Union to float upon the sea.

The greatest desire of Paul Jones' heart was to cross the sea and make war on British shipping in British waters. It was soon to be gratified, for on November 1 the *Ranger* set sail for France carrying the news of Burgoyne's surrender.

An important incident happened shortly after he reached France. The chief station of the French navy was in Quiberon Bay. When Paul Jones sailed up the bay between the long line of splendid French warships, every vessel, by order of the admiral, saluted the little *Ranger*. It was a great day for Paul Jones, and for America also, because France thus openly acknowledged that she was the ally of the Americans.

Early in April, 1778, Paul Jones carried out his long-cherished design of raiding the English coast, sailing boldly out in the ridiculous little *Ranger*. But any kind of a ship with Paul Jones on it was far better than the greatest without him. So he swooped down on English harbors and burned their shipping and spiked the guns in their forts, without suffering a shot from the proud British navy. The great Mistress of the Seas was raging but helpless with terror.

Paul Jones, however, was not satisfied with what

he had accomplished. He did not want to end his cruise without measuring his strength with a British man-of-war. The *Drake*, a trim craft somewhat larger than the *Ranger*, lay in Carrickfergus Bay off Belfast, and Jones determined to engage her. After he had cruised around for several hours in front of the bay the *Drake* came out to meet him.

Soon both vessels wore round, and in a few minutes they were drifting side by side before the wind and pouring broadsides into each other. In an hour the *Drake* called for quarter. The bold Yankee captain had won the fight. For this brilliant exploit the American government made him a commodore; and when he sailed into Brest with his prize the French were in a frenzy of joy.

Dr. Franklin and the French government thought Paul Jones should have a command worthier of his genius, and the latter asked him to take command of a fleet they intended to fit out; but what with red tape and other hindrances, it was nearly a year before Paul Jones again had command of a ship. The promised "fleet" consisted of five small ships, with only one decent ship in it—the *Alliance*. His flagship was a discarded old East Indiaman called the *Duc de Durras*, which Paul Jones renamed the *Bonhomme Richard* in honor of Dr. Franklin, and in whose rotten old hull he was to win immortal fame. After many delays the old ship was manned with about forty guns and a crew of

three hundred, about one hundred of whom were Americans. Jones had for his first lieutenant Richard Dale, one of the ablest and bravest of American seamen.

On August 14, 1779, the small fleet set sail. The minor events of this wonderful cruise can not be noted in this short sketch. The crowning event did not come until late in the afternoon of September 23, when the *Bonhomme Richard* sighted a fleet of forty-two sail rounding Flamborough Head off the coast of Yorkshire. They were soon discovered to be merchantmen under the convoy of two British warships — the *Serapis*, a frigate of fifty guns, and the *Countess of Scarborough*, a ship of twenty-two six-pounders. The merchantmen scattered to cover, but the warships came boldly on to meet their plucky Yankee foe.

Both ships at once beat to quarters, but it was nearly seven o'clock in the evening before fighting began. Things seemed to go wrong with Jones' old ship from the first. At the second broadside of the *Serapis*, two of her eighteen pounders burst; and at the end of an hour the ten eighteen-pounders in the broadside of the *Serapis* had battered the six ports in the lower deck of the *Richard* into one great gaping cavity; and the other side was nearly as bad, for the heavy shot went through both sides of the rotten old hull into the sea beyond. She was "leaking like a sieve and afire in a dozen places at once." The ship was beaten; but not Paul Jones. He just went on fighting,

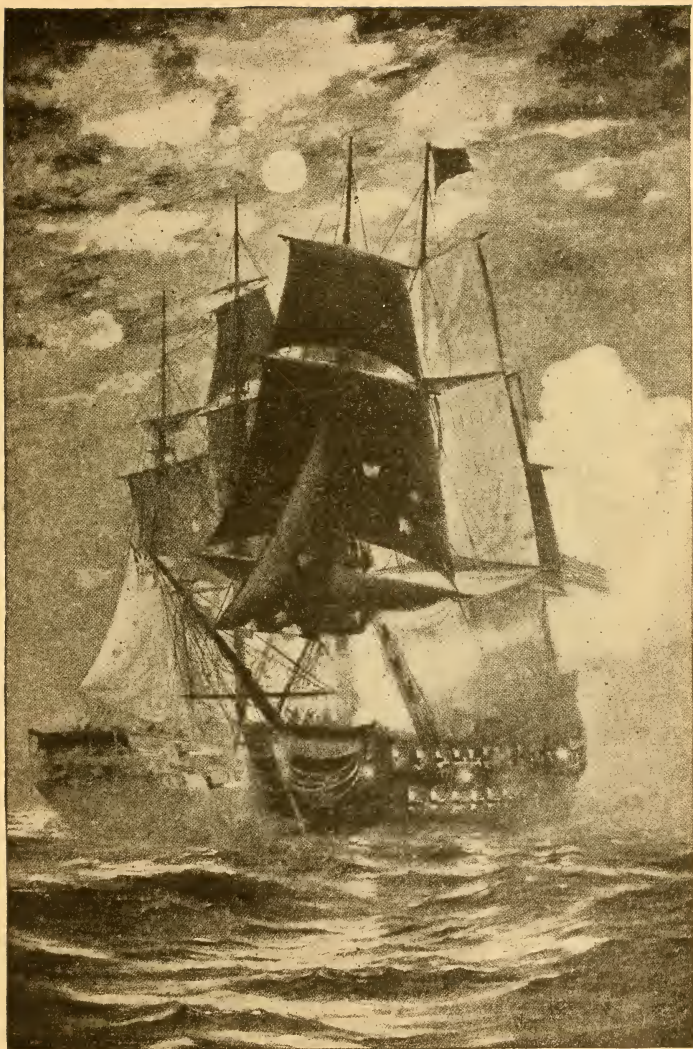
calling out cheerily to his men, "Never mind, lads, we will have a better ship to go home in!"

Soon the *Richard* was literally torn to pieces and Jones saw that his only chance lay in grappling with his enemy and fighting it out at close quarters. He soon succeeded in lashing with his own hands the bowsprit of the *Serapis* to the mizzen mast of the *Richard*. "Soon the two ships had worked into such a position that neither could fire a shot. Locked in a grim and deadly embrace, each repeatedly catching fire from the other, they lay enshrouded in smoke and darkness. Never before had an English commander met such a foe or fought such a battle."

Suddenly a voice boomed out from the decks of the *Serapis*: "Have you struck?" "No," was the immortal response of Paul Jones. "We have just begun to fight!" Jones, with his guns all silenced but one and his ship sinking beneath his feet, would not give up.

At this desperate moment a plucky Scotch sailor, who had climbed out on the main yard of the *Serapis*, began to drop hand-grenades down the hatchway where the huddled sailors were working the guns. Almost the first ignited a row of cartridges, and the explosion which followed completed the demoralization on board the *Serapis*. Human endurance could bear no more, and Captain Pearson himself struck his flag after the dreadful battle had lasted three and one-half hours.

In this short sketch we have been able to give only



FIGHT OF THE BONHOMME RICHARD AND THE SERAPIS.

the barest outline of this, the most desperately fought battle between single ships known to naval warfare. This brilliant victory placed Paul Jones' name at the head of the list of the world's most famous sea-fighters. The old *Bonhomme Richard*, on which such glorious deeds were done, sank into her watery grave next morning with the tattered stars and stripes still flying at her mizzen-peak.

On reaching Paris, Paul Jones was hailed as the greatest of ocean heroes. He was made the guest of the nation. Louis XIV presented him a gold-mounted sword, and made him a Chevalier. The king also invested him with the Military Order of Merit, an honor never before bestowed on any one who had not borne arms for France. General Washington also wrote him a letter of congratulation. When he visited America in the fall of 1780 he was made the honored guest of the nation. Congress voted him a gold medal and made him head of the navy. Great Britain, meanwhile, was offering ten thousand guineas for him dead or alive.

The greater part of Paul Jones' subsequent life was spent in France, among the people who had always loved and admired him. He died in Paris July 18, 1792, of lung trouble, where he was buried with military honors. In 1905, after a long search for his burial-place, his body was found and brought to America, where it was laid to rest in the beautiful memorial chapel at Annapolis.



OLIVER HAZARD PERRY.

THE HERO OF LAKE ERIE

OLIVER HAZARD PERRY, one of the most popular and best known of our naval heroes, was born in Newport, Rhode Island, August 21, 1785, and entered the navy in 1797 as midshipman on his father's ship. Before the war of 1812 his active service consisted chiefly of three years spent in fighting the pirates of the Barbary States in Africa.

At the breaking out of our second war with England he was made captain of the gunboat flotilla at Newport. This seemed a mere waste of time to the eager and ambitious young officer, who felt that he ought to be about more stirring work elsewhere. His desire was soon to be gratified, for on February 13, 1813, he was ordered to proceed to Presque Isle on Lake Erie and strive to wrest from the British the control of its waters. Affairs had been going very badly for the Americans in the Northwest. Our land forces had been defeated, and the people were in terror of both Indians and British. But hope had revived with General Harrison at the head of the army and plans for new activity on the lakes.

Perry responded eagerly to orders, and soon had a number of men on their way, while he followed with his ardent young brother to Presque Isle, the site of the

city of Erie, which had been selected by the navy department as the base of operations on Lake Erie.

When Perry reached Presque Isle he found that the building of the fleet was already well under way, the keels for two twenty-gun brigs having been laid. He pushed the work with the utmost activity, sending to Philadelphia for more shipwrights and ship supplies, and to Buffalo for means of defense, and early in June these two brigs were launched.

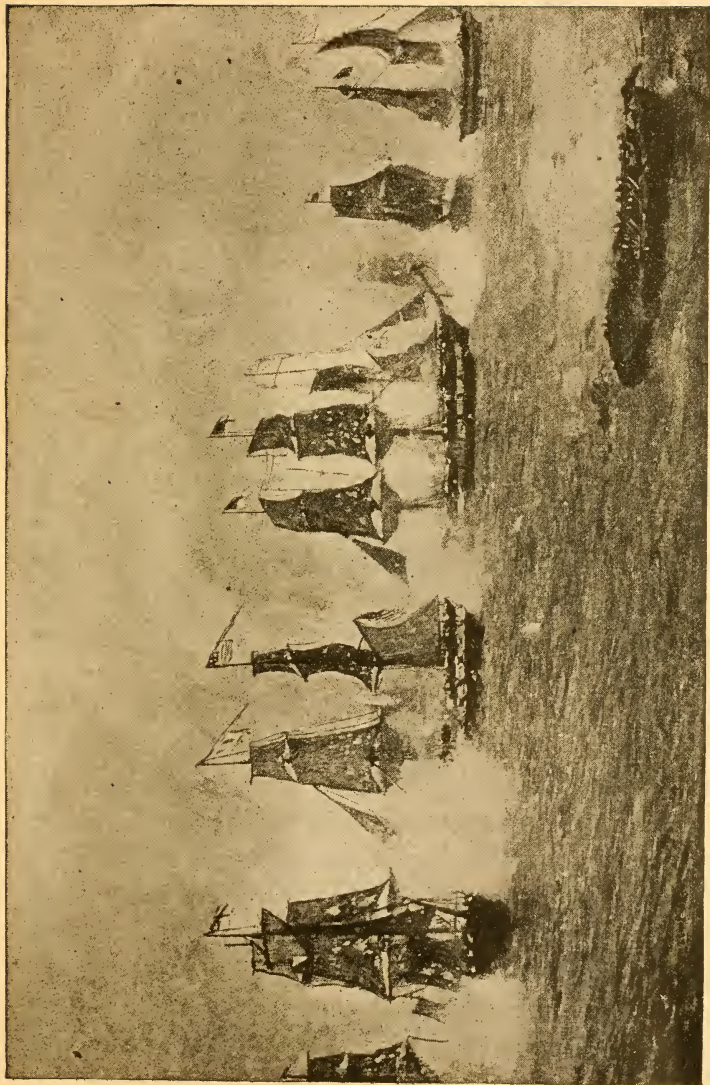
After Perry's fleet was completed, a new difficulty arose, and that was to get the large vessels safely over the bar of the harbor that had protected them while they were building. The small ships crossed easily enough, but the large brigs would need to be lifted across in the face of a watchful enemy. Captain Barclay was so confident, however, that the brigs would be hopelessly stuck on the bar and thus be an easy prey, that on the night of August 4 he left the station to attend a banquet at Port Huron on the other side of the lake. This was just the opportunity Perry wanted, and by working hard all night he had the brigs floating in front of the bar when Barclay returned next morning! Seeing that he had come too late to block the Yankees, Barclay hastened back to Malden to complete the *Detroit*. Perry followed with his fleet, finding a harbor at Put-in-Bay, a sheltered lake anchorage. He now had nine vessels under his command — the two brigs, the *Lawrence* and *Niagara*, and seven small vessels;

the British had only six, the *Detroit*, however, being somewhat larger than those of Perry, and they also had decidedly the advantage in long guns.

On September 10, 1813, occurred the famous battle of Lake Erie. Early in the morning Captain Barclay started for Long Point, the British base of supplies. Perry determined to intercept him. The wind was unfavorable to the Americans, and the sailing master declared that it would bring them to the leeward of the enemy. Perry replied: "I don't care, to windward or to leeward, they shall fight to-day!"

The ships were formed in line of battle and the decks cleared for action. Then Perry unfurled a blue banner with the dying words of Lawrence in great white letters on it: "Don't give up the ship!" and had it hoisted aloft amid the cheers of the fleet.

In the meanwhile Barclay had drawn up his ships in battle array, in a line square across the wind with the *Detroit* and little *Chippeway* in the lead. Perry, in the *Lawrence*, with the *Ariel* and the *Scorpion* leading, headed straight for the British fleet. As Barclay had seventeen long guns to Perry's two, he was eager to open the fight, and soon the shot from the *Detroit* was crashing through the bulwarks of the *Lawrence*. But Perry kept right on until he had worked his way to within musket shot of the *Detroit*. Meanwhile, the British ships were closely grouped and all pouring in their shot on the ill-fated *Lawrence*. Although the



THE BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE.

fight had been hopeless from the start, Perry was determined that he would not give in, and for two hours kept up the uneven struggle. At the end of that time the vessel was a wreck; not a gun could be fired, and only fourteen men remained unhurt.

Just at this critical moment, the *Niagara*, which up to this time had taken no part in the battle, came sailing briskly up, headed for the right of the British line. The sight of this fresh unharmed vessel filled Perry with new hope. The thought flashed through his mind that on her deck he might retrieve the lost fortunes of the day. With him to think was to act. He immediately ordered a boat with four men to be lowered from the protected side of the *Lawrence*. Then taking with him his pennant and the banner with the *Lawrence* motto he climbed down into the boat himself and bade the men pull away at full speed for the *Niagara*, which was reached in safety. Having hoisted his pennant and banner on the *Niagara* Perry headed his new flagship straight for the British squadron, now so closely set that once he was in the midst of it he was able to use both batteries of his ship with deadly effect on five of the enemy's ships at once. The other American ships came up and joined in the fray. Barclay stood utterly aghast at the storm of destruction now sweeping over his hitherto victorious ships. It was more than even British pluck could stand, and in eight minutes after the intrepid Perry had made a dash into

their line, a white flag hung over the rail of the *Detroit*. Perry had won one of the most brilliant victories of the war. His message to Harrison has become one of the classics of the country: "We have met the enemy and they are ours!"

Aided by Perry, Harrison now invaded Canada, came up with Proctor, and defeated him at the battle of the Thames, Tecumseh, the great Indian chief, being killed here. The Northwest had been wrested at last from the English. The news of Perry's victory was everywhere received with rejoicing. Congress bestowed high honors on Perry and his men, and the gallant captain is ranked among our greatest of naval heroes. In 1819 Perry was given the command of a commodore and sent to the West Indies, where he died of yellow fever in that year at the age of thirty-four.

DAVID GLASGOW FARRAGUT

AMERICA's great admiral, and one of the world's great naval commanders, was born near Knoxville, Tenn., July 5, 1801. Considering his birth and training it is not wonderful that he became a great sea captain. His father was a Spanish gentleman who came to America from Minorca to fight for us in the Revolutionary War, and his mother was a heroine of the early West.

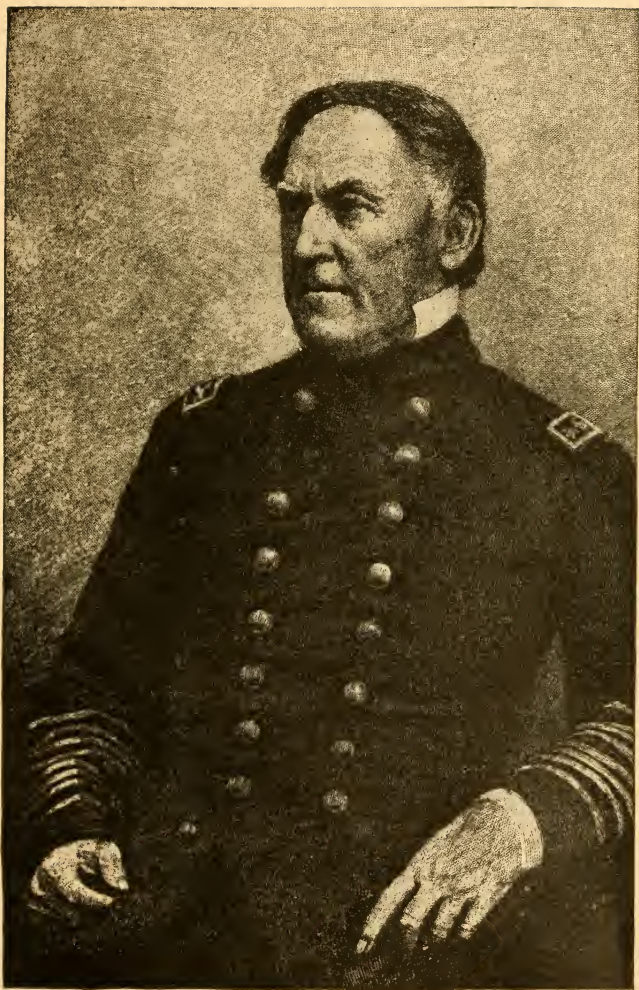
David never lacked Spartan training. When he was six his father was made sailing master at New Orleans

and removed his family to an estate near by. The lad was given his first introduction to salt water when his father took him in a yawl across Lake Pontchartrain in a driving gale. There were many such trips, and more than one night the three little Farragut boys slept under a tarpaulin on the sandy beach. When someone remonstrated with Captain Farragut about such heroic treatment, he laughingly replied that if you make a child acquainted with danger when he is young he will not be afraid of it when he grows older.

When David was eight years old his mother died and he was adopted by Captain David Porter, afterward famous as the captain of the *Essex*, and one of the most daring and brilliant of our naval officers. Captain Porter kept David with him much as his father had done. The ship was his home and the sea his natural element. He was made a midshipman before he was ten, and felt that he had to live up to his commission.

In 1811 Captain Porter was given command of the frigate *Essex*; and the War of 1812 breaking out soon after, the young midshipman had three years of active service. During this time he kept a journal, and as he faithfully recorded the happenings from day to day, we owe to him many interesting details of its career.

Of the last fight and capture of the *Essex* his journal gives many graphic details. Of his own part in it he says "I performed the duties of captain's aid, quarter-gunner, powder boy, and, in fact, did everything



DAVID GLASGOW FARRAGUT

required of me." Captain Porter said the only reason he did not recommend David for promotion *was because he was so young*.

Farragut's time after the close of this war was spent partly on several ships, and partly in shore duty and study. When he was about seventeen he determined to be a great naval commander, and thenceforward all his efforts and studies were directed to this end. He was promoted to the rank of commander in 1841, and was not made captain until 1855. At the outbreak of the Civil War in 1861 he was at his home in Norfolk waiting orders. In that year his adopted brother, David D. Porter, while on blockade duty off the mouth of the Mississippi, made a study of the river and believed that it could be forced and New Orleans taken. He sent a report to this effect to Washington and recommended that David G. Farragut be given charge of such an expedition. After more than fifty years spent in his country's service Farragut had at last his first opportunity to distinguish himself.

Farragut's long experience and training eminently fitted him for leadership in so important an enterprise, and he eagerly accepted it when offered. He set out from Hampton Roads on February 2, 1862, in the *Hartford*, and arrived at Ship Island February 20.

Here Farragut gathered a fleet consisting of eight men-of-war and nine gunboats of two guns each. He also had twenty mortar boats with which to shell the

forts under command of Porter. The undertaking would have appalled a less resolute and daring man.

Between him and New Orleans were two strong forts, Jackson and St. Philip, built at a sharp bend in the stream, and made more formidable by a heavy barrier chain stretched from bank to bank of the river. There were also eleven armed steamers, an iron-clad floating battery, the *Louisiana*, and the ram *Manassas* to encounter, while a large number of fire-boats were ready to be ignited and sent down against any audacious invader. And Farragut had only wooden vessels to match against these formidable defenses. But Farragut did not weigh possibilities. After taking all possible precautions he sailed in to defeat the enemy.

The attack was opened by the fire of the mortar boats, which were moored two miles below Fort Jackson and which kept up the fire incessantly for six days.

Farragut had decided to run his fleet past the forts; but the first thing to be done was to break the boom. This the commanders of the *Itasca* and *Pinola* volunteered to do. The boats, under cover of darkness, tugged away at one of the old hulls until an opening large enough to let the *Itasca* through was made. This boat, after running a distance up stream, turned and came back under full steam and struck the chain a head-on blow. The barriers parted and the channel was clear for Farragut's fleet.

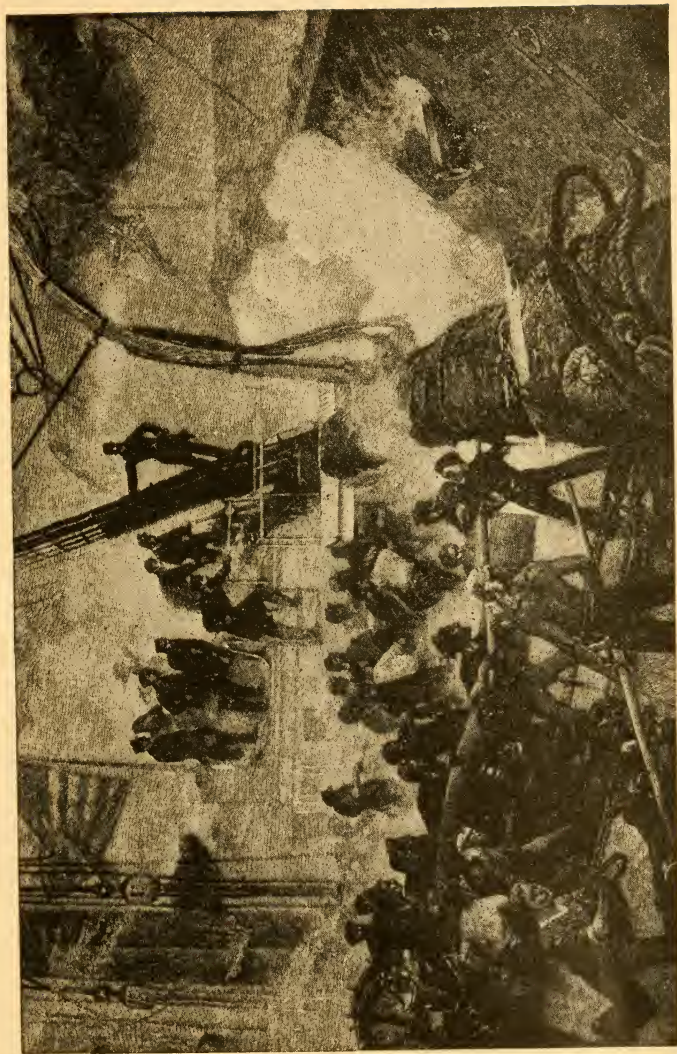
The advance was planned for the night of April 23.

The Confederates were on the alert, and as the first vessels passed through the broken barrier a perfect tornado of flame and shot poured forth from the forts, huge piles of wood were fired on shore, and blazing fire-ships came floating down the stream. The whole river was instantly transformed into a terrific inferno. The *Hartford*, Farragut's flagship, caught fire from a blazing fire-raft and was saved only by a miracle.

The battle throughout was one of indescribable terror. Farragut himself said: "The passing of Forts Jackson and St. Philip was one of the most awful sights and events I ever saw or expect to experience."

It seemed impossible that anything could come out of it alive. But when the sun rose the forts had been safely passed, the Confederate gunboats were sunk or dispersed, and the great highway of the Mississippi was open to New Orleans, where Farragut's fleet arrived April 25. For this notable and brilliant victory Farragut was made rear-admiral.

After the fall of Vicksburg and Port Hudson there was no more naval work to be done on the Mississippi. Farragut then turned his attention to the strongly fortified Gulf port of Mobile. It was the last stronghold of the Confederacy on the coast. Delays in receiving ships and soldiers did not permit an attack until August 5, 1864. Farragut now had fourteen wooden vessels protected by chains and other devices, and four monitors built like the first famous *Monitor*.



FARRAGUT LASHED TO THE RIGGING AT THE BATTLE OF MOBILE BAY.

Mobile Bay is shaped like a great bell thirty miles long and fifteen wide. The narrow entrance was guarded by two strong forts; Fort Morgan, thirty guns; Fort Gaines, twenty-one guns. In the channel were planted two hundred torpedoes, their line marked by red buoys. The defenses were further strengthened by the great iron-clad ram the *Tennessee*.

Into this formidable array, shortly after daybreak on August 5, Farragut sailed with his wooden fleet. The monitor *Tecumseh* was in the lead; but in her eagerness to get at the *Tennessee*, she ventured outside the channel and was struck by a torpedo, sinking with nearly all on board. This accident threw the ship next her in a panic which might have been serious had not the admiral from his perch in the maintop of the *Hartford* noted what was going on. With his usual decision and impetuosity he pushed the *Hartford* in the lead, rushing straight into the torpedo nest; but not one torpedo exploded.

After the forts were safely passed there was still the *Tennessee* to be dealt with; but in her contest with the three remaining monitors she was so badly battered and disabled that she was forced to surrender. It would be impossible to give in the small space of this sketch even an outline of this famous battle, which placed Farragut's name near the head of the list of the world's great naval commanders.

For this achievement Congress made him vice-

admiral, then admiral. He was the idol of the people. In 1865, in command of the European squadron, he visited the leading foreign ports, where he was received with the greatest honors. His death occurred at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, August 14, 1870.

THE HERO OF MANILA BAY

GEORGE DEWEY, the hero of Manila Bay, was born at Montpelier, Vermont, December 26, 1837. He entered the Naval Academy in 1854. At the outbreak of the Civil War he was assigned to duty on the *Mississippi*. This vessel belonged to Farragut's fleet and took part in the great fight on the lower Mississippi. She met with misfortune later while running the batteries at Port Hudson and was set on fire and sunk. Here it was that Lieutenant Dewey had his first opportunity to display coolness and courage in time of great danger. The boat had run aground on the flats directly under the guns of the fort, and was soon riddled and set on fire. Every instant was fraught with direst peril to all on board; but the young lieutenant would not leave until he had spiked all the guns. Then he escaped just in time to avoid the explosion.

He took part in several naval expeditions before the close of the war, but had no opportunity to distinguish himself further. In 1884 he was made captain, and in



ADMIRAL DEWEY.

1896 was promoted to the rank of commodore. On January 1, 1898, he was given command of the Asiatic squadron at Hongkong, China.

In February of that year the *Maine*, a United States warship, was blown up in the harbor of Havana, Cuba, and the blame was laid at the door of the Spanish officers in that city. The war spirit ran high, and on April 25 we declared war against Spain. The very same day our government flashed an order to Commodore Dewey at Hongkong "to capture or destroy the Spanish fleet at Manila." Dewey lost no time in obeying the order, and, two days after the momentous telegram was sent, his squadron was steaming southward over the China Sea for the Philippine Islands.

On April 30 the lookouts on the leading ships sighted the beautiful green shores and blue mountain line of Luzon rising above the waves. By nightfall the squadron was lying outside the entrance to Manila Bay, waiting for the darkness of night to veil their entrance.

Manila Bay is a magnificent body of water which extends many miles inland from the western coast of Luzon, the largest of the Philippine Islands. The city of Manila lies about twenty miles from the entrance, which is guarded by batteries on a small low-lying island between two headlands.

As Manila has cable communication with Europe Dewey thought it best that he should proceed cautiously about entering. The ships were in complete

darkness save a small electric light in the stern to guide the one next in line, and did not get under way until midnight. The night was dark, and the ships glided like swift black shadows past the forts, which did not wake up until it was too late to prevent them, and the American squadron was safe in Manila Bay.

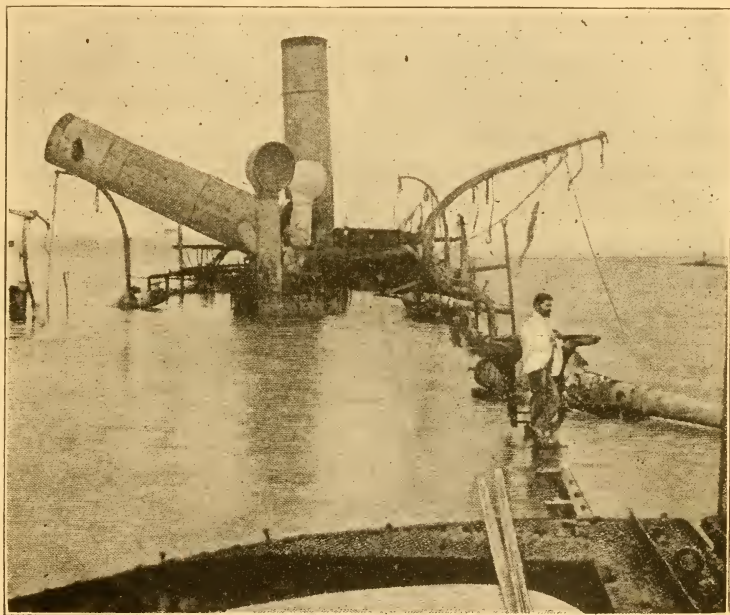
They steamed straight ahead, and when dawn came the city of Manila and the white sails of its merchant fleet lay before them, while a few miles farther away the Spanish warships could be seen lying across the mouth of Cavite Bay. The Americans had seven fighting ships; the Spaniards ten. The Americans had the largest ships, the best guns, and the best *gunners*, but they were in strange waters thickly planted with mines, and were ignorant of the soundings.

The Spanish fleet looked very formidable as it lay across Cavite Bay with a fort at either side, but did not daunt Dewey in the least. Like Nelson and Farragut, he took the offensive from the start. With the stars and stripes flying from every masthead the American ships rushed headlong on the Spanish fleet, the flagship *Olympia* in the lead.

As they swept by Manila the forts belched forth at them, and as they neared Cavite Bay they were greeted with a storm of shot and shell from both forts and ships. Still the American ships steamed on in silence until the signal shell was sent up from the flagship.

From this moment every ship in turn poured in its

destructive shot and shell on the Spanish fleet and forts. Then, after passing the Spanish ships, the



WRECK OF THE SPANISH FLAGSHIP, REINA CHRISTINA.

Americans turned and fired their other battery on them as they came back. This was done six times with the most deadly effect.

The Spanish fire came back fast and furious, but the aim of the Spanish gunners was so bad that scarcely a shot struck an American ship; while the American

fire, which seemed to hit the mark every time, wrought the most frightful havoc on the Spanish vessels.

After two hours of this dreadful work all the Spanish ships had been riddled and three were afire. The battle was practically over; but when the American fleet returned after a recess for breakfast, the Spanish flag was still defiantly flying. However, at the end of another hour of this one-sided contest, every ship of the Spanish fleet lay on the bottom of Cavite Bay. Not an American vessel had been injured by a Spanish shot nor a man killed or wounded.

When the news reached America the country was wild with delight. Congress gave Dewey a vote of thanks and a fine sword, and had a medal struck for every man in the squadron. He was given the rank of rear admiral, and in 1899 that of admiral, a rank hitherto borne only by Farragut and Porter.

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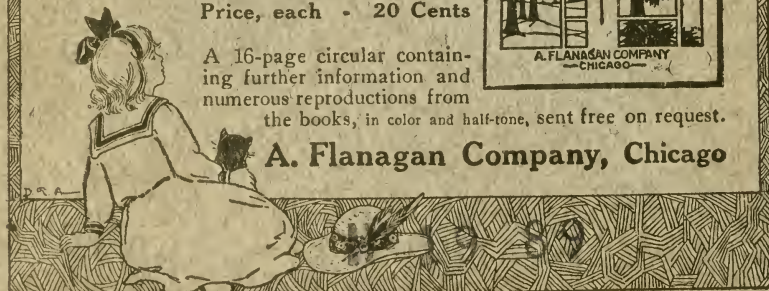
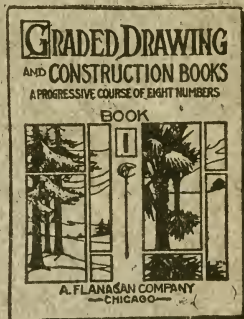
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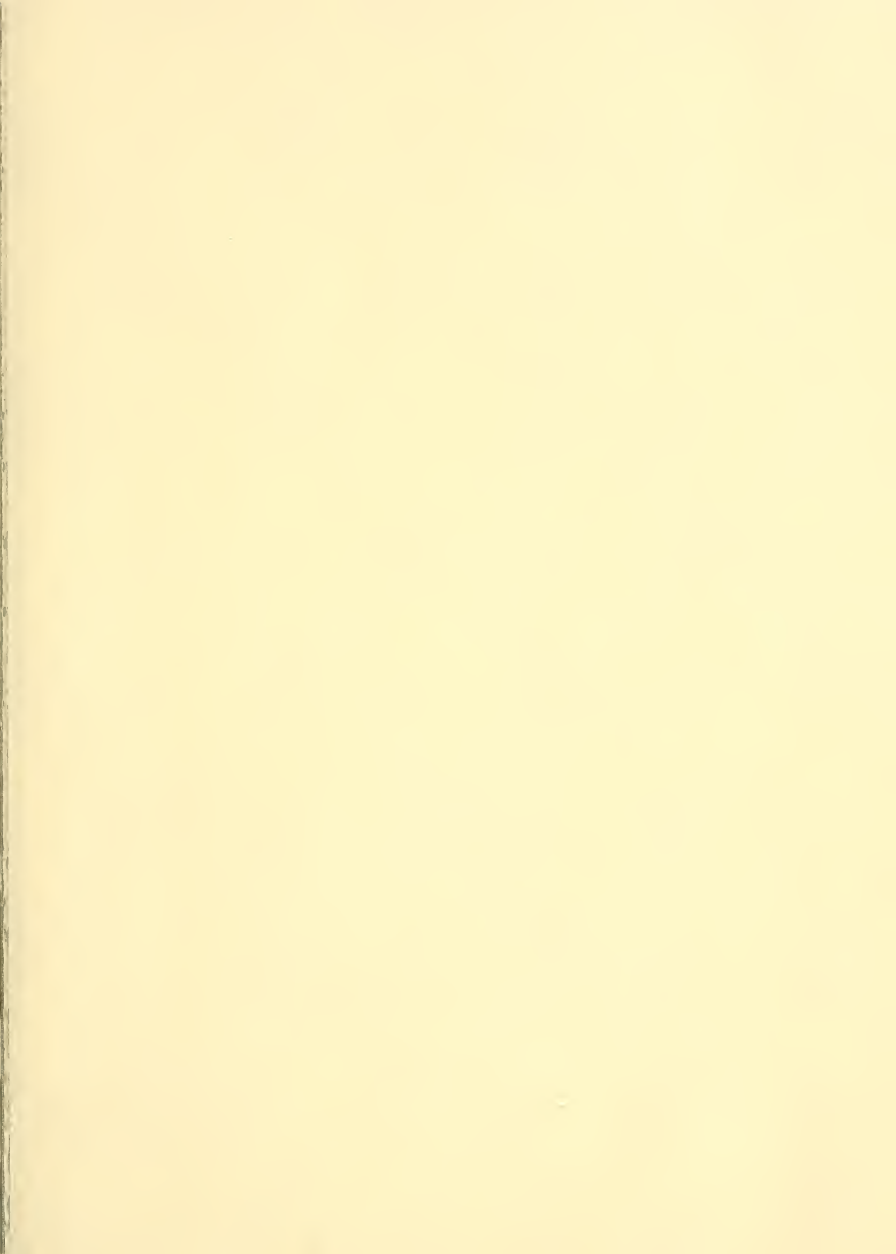
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